

From The Ashes

Here is where I died.
I didn't plan to die.
The death was slow,
A long torturous journey.

All that did not belong,
Came to cause pain,
So that it might return to the nothing,
From whence it came.

Slowly I turned to ash,
Parts of me lingering,
Clinging to life,
Fear asking to be looked at,
A clear out of all life's strife.

I sat in the ashes,
Inspected them closely,
Clung to a few,
But none shall remain.

For here is the place,
I am born again.

Santuario, Ana Maria.
A Journey of Subtraction (2023).